To haue her loue: prouided that your fortune
Atchieu'd her Mistris.

Por. Is this true, *Nerrissa*?

Ner. Maddam it is, so you stand pleas'd withall.

Bass. And do you *Gratiano* meane good faith?

Gra. Yes faith my Lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honoured in your marriage.

Gra. Wee'l play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats

Ner. What, and stake downe?

Gra. No, we shall nere win at that sport and stake downe.

But who comes heere; *Lorenzo* and his infidell?
What, and my olde venetian friend, *Salerio*?

Enter Lorenzo, Iessica, and Salerio a messenger from Venice.

Bass Lorenzo and *Salerio*, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new interest heere
Haue power to bid you welcome: by your leaue
I bid my very friends and countrymen
Sweete *Portia* welcome.

Por. So do I my Lord, they are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thanke your Honour, for my part my Lord,
My purpose was not to haue seene you heere,
But meeting with *Salerio* by the way,
He did entreate me past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Sal. I did my Lord,
And I haue reason for it. Signior *Anthonio*
Commends him to you.

Bass. Ere I ope his Letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

Sal. Not sicke my Lord, vnlesse it be in minde,
Nor well, vnlesse in minde: his Letter there
Will shew you his estate.

He opens the Letter.

Gra. Nerrissa, cheere yon stranger, bid her welcome.
Your hand *Salerio*, what's the newes from Venice?

How doth that royall Merchant, good *Anthonio*?
I know he will be glad of our successe,
We are the *Iasons*, we haue won the fleece.

Sal. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steales the colour from *Bassanios* cheeke,
Some deare friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turne so much the constitution
Of any constant man: what worse and worse?
With leaue *Bassanio*, I am halfe your selfe,
And I must freely haue the halfe of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweete *Portia*,
Heere are a few of the vnpleasantst words
That euer blotted paper. Gentle Lady,
When I did first impart my loue to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ran in my veines, I was a Gentleman,
And then I told you true: and yet deere Lady,
Rating my selfe at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a Braggart, when I told you
My state was nothing, I should then haue told you
That I was worse then nothing; for indeed
I haue ingag'd my selfe to a deere friend,
Ingag'd my friend to his meere enemy
To feed my meanes. Heer's a Letter Lady,
The paper as the body of my friend,
And euery word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life blood. But is it true *Salerio*?
Hath all his ventures faild? what, not one hit,
From *Tripolis*, from *Mexico*, and *England*,
From *Lisbon*, *Barbary*, and *India*,
And not one vessell scape the dreadfull touch
Of Merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one my Lord.
Besides, it should appeare, that if he had

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